[ficlet] Human AU: Rain.

• Apr. 9th, 2011 at 4:40 AM

Title: Human AU: Rain.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Michael, mentions of Michael/Gabriel, Lucifer, Raphael.
Word Count: 892 words.
Summary: Michael gets out of the house so he can think about things.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt rain being used for this one. Twenty-three down, seven to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael flees the house hours later. He knows of only two places outside that he could go to safely, and the park is the lesser of two evils, he thinks. He pulls the jacket he grabbed on his way out closer around him and wishes that he didn't have to go back after a period.

It's not that he has to go back. It's that he has nowhere else to go. Even if none of the people living there are his brothers anymore.

Gabriel...Gabriel understands nothing. Michael remembers all too well how Gabriel...how this stranger misunderstood his intent and attacked him.

Michael can't say he likes the pain that comes from being slammed into a wall. (He is loathe to admit that the sex had been pleasurable, but he blames that on his humanity. Human bodies betray their owners too easily, he thinks.)

Michael skirts around pedestrians and enters the park, abandoning the pathways for grass immediately, aiming to find a quiet section where he can sit and think. (A place where he can forget the sight of Lucifer in that doorway, watching them - he expects Lucifer thinks he didn't see him standing there, but he did.)

He finds a quiet section at last, and sits on the grass, watching the sky.

Michael wonders how Heaven is doing, with the absence of not one, but both important archangels.

He wonders if any angels are searching for them, then dismisses the thought: of course they are. Without an outside influence, the angels there would have to search for them...or at least Raphael, he realizes. As the Host may still believe that he and Lucifer are trapped in Hell.

It's not a happy thought, but he doesn't have much reason to have a happy thought, these days.

Michael studies the clouds and wonders what their coloring means, as the other times

he's watched the sky it's either been clear, or the clouds have been pure white.

It probably doesn't matter, he thinks, and turns his thoughts to other matters. Gabriel is dangerous to be around now, as he lacks context, tact, and restraint. It's easy enough to decide to avoid him, but harder to figure out how: Gabriel is still the only guide to human behavior he has, if something happens that Michael can handle.

He briefly debates having Raphael act as go-between, but Raphael...Raphael is not the brother he once knew, and even as he sees hints of someone he can trust, ultimately Raphael is an unknown entity, and he cannot rely on him.

Lucifer is out of the question.

Michael sighs and twines his fingers in the grass, deciding that he would have to limit his interactions with Gabriel as best he could on his own. It's the only option he has, unless...no. He shakes his head, clearing his mind. He's not going to try to learn who this Raphael is. Not yet. Not when he's still got a lingering sense that this isn't a permanent state of affairs.

Idly, he wonders what death would be like.

A moment later he is tearing grass from the ground, unconsciously.

He's never thought about his own death before, as if it were something that could *happen*.

As if it were something he couldn't prepare himself for. Combat...if he falls in combat, he was meant to fall, he knows that much, he remembers how he never thought about it, instead trusting his fate to his Father and to his sword.

Dying from some other means...the only death he's seen an angel suffer, the only death not caused by another angel...it is an old memory. Michael shivers as his mind serves up the images of it, as if it had happened yesterday.

The visage of his Father, the unshielded face of God -

Michael turns his gaze once more to the sky and shakes dirt from his hands.

"I long to serve you," He says, whispers. It's still the truth, it must be, he tells himself he means it.

For seconds there is nothing, silence, unexpected silence from every corner, he cannot hear even the near-constant hum of traffic, and Michael wonders if he has been heard. (It's ridiculous, of course he was heard, he thinks this, the question is, is he getting a response?)

Michael holds his breath in and watches as the sky opens, and then: rain.

Rain.

Barely a minute of it and Michael is *soaked*.

Michael swallows water and climbs to his feet and wonders if that was a message, if so, how should he interpret it.

He thinks of the other human prophets, and he thinks of how badly some omens were taken, and he thinks of how some simple signs of the Earth behaving as it should were taken as important omens.

"What is this!" Michael tells the sky, before he returns himself back to thinking about

mundane problems, such as: How fast can he get home? Does he want to try to get out of the rain, or does he stick to the path he knows?

Even so he is walking as fast as he can for home.

He curses to himself that he just thought of the residence as home, when it's *not*.

Michael's not happy as he heads home, and none of his questions have been answered.

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